Gartnavel Gazette

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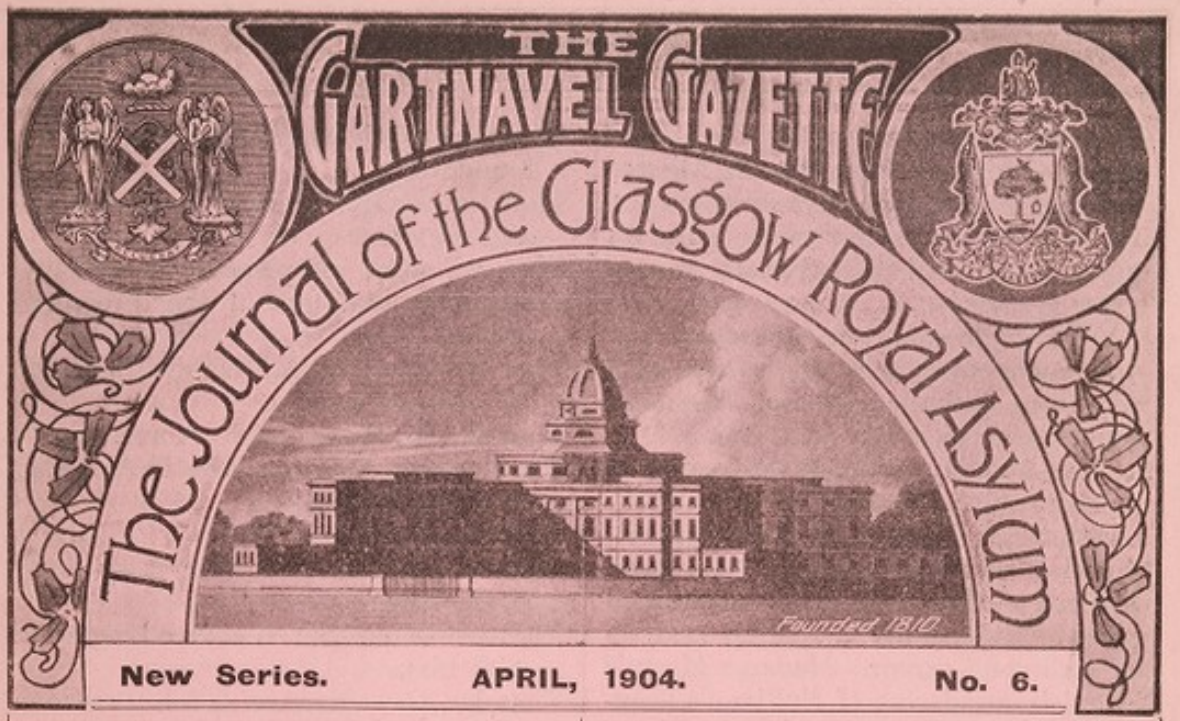

New Series. APRIL, 1904. No. 6.

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To Our Contributors.

We take this opportunity to express to all the contributors to the pages of the Gazette our grateful thanks. The fact that all the articles are contributed by those resident in or connected with the Asylum, makes it all the more fitting that we should return them hearty acknowledgment. We can assure them that their efforts have been the means of giving pleasure not only to all the readers in the Asylum, but to some beyond its walls, and we trust that this knowledge will be an incentive to continued efforts on their part.

As long ago as 1836 the Glasgow Royal Asylum had its Gazette; and in the early eighties Dr. Blair, afterwards of Woodilee, edited a Christmas number, the articles in which were written entirely by patients, and it was printed within the walls of the Asylum. Of all the Scottish Asylum Magazines, the Gartnavel Gazette is the oldest, with the exception perhaps of the Morningside Mirror.—A. D.

Review of Entertainments.

Since the last issue the concerts have gone on as usual. The last of the grand concerts was held on March 9th, when an exceptionally good programme was provided for us by Mr. Airlie. Throughout the winter these concerts have been highly appreciated, and our best thanks are due to the Directors of the Abstainers' Union, under whose auspices the concerts are held, to the artistes who came out to sing and play to us, and to the indefatigable Mr. Airlie. A special feature at one of the concerts was the Glasgow Select Choir.

The Thursday concert and dance goes on as usual. In connection with

it special mention must be made of the singing of Miss Rita M'Allister and Mr. Ingram, who kindly came out to sing to us. They were both in good voice, and the concert was a great success.

Mr. Anderson, our engineer, has enlivened our dances this winter with his pipes, and the reel and Highland schottische are now very popular.

The Monday evenings have proved as enjoyable as formerly.

Madame Bertha Moore's concert, entitled Sullivan's music, was a great success. Her programme contained some eighteen items, including a sketch of Sullivan's career. Madame Moore's exquisite rendering of Sullivan's beautiful songs fairly brought the house down, and we hope that at some future time she will sing to us again.

Professor Gaston, in his lantern lecture on Arizona and Mexico, showed us many wonders of the new world, and told us of the cave dwellers of Mexico, who live like the conies in the rocks.

Dr. Oswald delighted us with an account of his trip to Northern Africa, and showed us views of Algiers, Barca, Tunis, the site of the ancient city of Carthage, and many other interesting places.

Mr. Carswell brought out the Knightswood Choir, who gave us an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

T. G-S.

What the Folks are Saying.

That gloomy winter's noo awa'.
That we had only one day skating and curling on the new pond.
That the toboggans were not used.
That the little club-house at the pond is quite artistic.
That spring is coming.
That the thrushes and blackbirds are heralding its approach joyfully.
That it is a treat to hear them in the early morning.
That we are to have a new church.
That the turf has been cut for the foundations.
That the Glasgow Select Choir gave us a great treat.
That we were all pleased to see our treasurer and one of the directors present.
That Madame Bertha Moore will always be welcome here.
That Mr. Gaston is a real "Amurrican."
That his lecture on lost cities in Arizona was most interesting.
That he says "Noo Yok."
That his chloroformed bear story is a skyscraper.
That we would like to have a long talk with him.
That Dr. Oswald gave us a lecture on his holiday in Tunisia.
That he showed us lantern slides of Algiers, Tunis, and other Algerian cities, also of ruined Carthage.
That the Moorish types and mosques were quite old-world.
That Hughie has a "story" in this number.
That the Knightswood choir consists of about 60 members.
That their ages range from 9 to 17.
That their little opera was quite unique.
That we all enjoyed the performance.
That the children enjoyed it as much as we did.
That to see them tucking away cakes and tea and sweets, after the performance, especially "Wee Macgreegor," was quite refreshing.
That the effect of the piper at the dances is quite electrical.
That we are all practising reels and strathspeys.
That some of the gentlemen have ordered kilts.
That we have had abundance of concerts, dances, lectures, and entertainments; and that the winter has simply flown.

A Chiel.

The best excuse for a man marrying his deceased wife's sister. Because he will only have one mother-in-law.

Impressions of Gartnavel.

BY A RESIDENT.

"Oh, this is such a lovely place!" exclaimed my first visitor in Gartnavel. "Surely you will be able to live here for at least two months without grumbling."

Being only a mere novice in the place, as a matter of course, I resented the seemingly scathing coolness of the observation, replying quickly, "Just you wait until you are even for a single day deprived of your freedom; feeling like a caged bird, whose wings are clipt, or as if your whole being were bound with iron bands, then you will be able to realise the frightful feeling which sinks you to a feeling of utter self-annihilation—a feeling which instead of being lessened by the beauty of the surroundings, is only intensified by the contrast it affords to the consciousness it affords of misery within."

My friend looked surprised, and with a pathetic shake of her head, murmured, "Well, after all, perhaps there may be something in that."

"Of course, there's everything in it. Why, bless you! were not the streams of Babel as ravishingly beautiful as were many other objects in that ancient land; clear as crystal, and musical as only tinkling streamlets know how to be, they rippled along the pathway of the captive Israelites to cheer them with their purling song; and yet, upon these tuneful flower-clad banks they sat them down, and, hanging their harps upon the willow-trees, they looked each other in the face and wept aloud, realising the misery of their captivity! With us the tears which would bring relief at first refused to flow, and in that respect the weary Israelites by Babel's streams had the advantage over us."

But happily, when the first shock of incarceration passes off, the strange novelty of internal management and regime, while at first causing irritation and even aggravation of the patient's symptoms, begins to interest and excite attention, while gradually—almost insensibly—the slumbering faculties begin to waken up to something like a normal activity, and at last—bit by bit—the true Gartnavel pulse begins to beat, and all the various moods and fancies of the motley family circles show themselves, in many cases calling only for the soothing sympathetic healing. Others are dormant, and insensible to every mode of treatment, until, like the stubborn donkey, they become alive to the fact that resistance is useless, and gradually yield themselves to the spell of gentle matron, kindly nurses and doctors, who, by some magnetic process, seem to rule the healing of the many eccentric patients in Gartnavel. Looking to the bright side, we have the laughing spirits, who ring the changes merrily at times, and musical genius displayed in impromptu compositions of some merit. One dear old lady has wonderful visions, sometimes approaching the sublime, in which, with intrepid spirit, she goes forth to meet the "choir invisible." And many are the curious glimpses we get into the nooks and crannies of the human mind.

Well, as yet we have no purling brooks tinkling out their merry tunes in Gartnavel's lovely grounds, but we have got the willow-trees in great profusion: honey-scented lime trees, birches, beeches, oaks, and hornbeams, sycamores and ash-trees, beneath whose spreading branches the patients may disport themselves, imagining if they choose that for a little while at least they are in elysium, as resting on the daisy-sprinkled lawns they listen to the starling singing, little birds, the cawing rooks, and prophetic chattering magpies. The out-door games of croquet, lawn tennis, bowling green, etc., afford exercise and amusement *ad libitum* to both sexes, while the needlework supplied to the female patients cannot be over-estimated for the soothing occupation of both mind and body.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

When a mighty war is raging,
  Oft we hear of victories won,
Oft we read of gallant soldiers
  And of noble deeds they've done.

Still, there's one who's seldom mentioned
  On that glorious scroll of fame;
Tho' each true-hearted British soldier
  Honours and respects her name.

'Tis the nurse, who in the sick tent,
  Toiling with a mother's care,
Tends the wounded, sick, and dying,
  Makes their sufferings less to bear.

Her's the hands that binds those cruel wounds,
  Where some bullet found its mark;
Her's the voice that cheers and comforts,
  Some despondent sufferer's heart.

Oft the patient, on the sick bed,
  Broods o'er home and friends so dear;
Still his spirit seems uplifted,
  When a kindly nurse is near.

Then, when earthly skill is useless,
  And some life ebbs fast away,
She it is who stoops to listen,
  What some dying soul would say.

Oft 'tis she who pens that letter,
  Words of comfort to convey,
To some nigh heart-broken mother,
  In a dear home far away.

Is not this a task most noble?
  Full of pity, full of love,
Yea, and those who thus here labour,
  Shall rewarded be Above.

SOUTH AFRICA. OLD SOLDIER.

A Trip to Mars.

A STRETCH of moorland lay at the foot of our garden. The owner had obligingly allowed our mother to stook some of her hay there.

One warm day in June I climbed to the top of one of the haystacks and sank down out of sight in the odorous heap. Lying there, with face upturned to the noonday sun, I fell into sleep—heavy, dreamless sleep—that lasted far on into afternoon.

On awakening I had no inclination to rise or to make any effort. Filled with a satisfying sense of quiescence, I lay in contemplation of the over-hanging arch of heaven.

As the sun set and the light waned there grew upon me an active feeling of expectancy, and my whole being became consciously in contact with infinity. While the mind retained its usual capacities, the will was altogether passive.

As darkness increased it seemed to my intent vision that the apparently fluid particles of atmosphere cohered into mass with a certain internal luminousness, and that this gathering body of structural cloud emitted a distinct attraction, so that, as I became aware of its proximity, I had an impulse to move toward it. Reason may have been in abeyance, for no pre-conceived knowledge of natural law prevented me from responding to this strange influence. Stripped of all personality and freed from all antecedent experience, I accepted this impression as the revelation of a new order.

When the impulse to motion asserted itself, there was with it a law of direction. Obeying this, I moved upward in a medium much colder than the atmosphere of earth, which, with the intense stillness of a creatureless ether, became oppressive.

Expectancy was still the dominant feeling, and there was, too, an absolute sense of security; if that can be called security in a condition which has no knowledge of fear.

In the shadow of the cloud I moved upward and westward till, leaving the white light in which I had been immersed, I penetrated an atmosphere that was warm and sensuous. It was suffused with colour; the colour of a rose in the first degree of its distinction. The effect deepened with progression, and the rose became red, when, in the gathering density, I saw land.

There was no intervening mass of cloud as I reached it at the nearest point. This was a long sand bank, warm as tropic soil. Beyond it lay a meadow, lush and fresh with dew. It was a morning bath of warm fragrance. Small blue flowers grew in profusion; they had the scent of the hyacinth.

After this the land widened and I came to a thicket. The trees were high, and their boughs interlaced so closely as to make twilight of the morning air. The thicket might be called a forest from its size. Birds of many hues made a scheme of harmonious colour, and the air was vibrant with a concert of sweet sound.

On some of the trees I found a fruit that resembled the plantain. Of this I ate in abundance. Coming to an open space there was a group of low-lying shrubs. On these grew a small purple berry filled with a slightly bitter juice, and this had a stimulating effect. The farther end of the forest was not so much overgrown with trees; there were, also, fewer birds, and these were not so brilliant in colour, but their notes were more distinct, and their songs were varied with modulation. One of the birds was pre-eminent in size and appearance. It was large in comparison to all others, and the plumage was a soft dove-grey, flecked with white. It was undisturbed by my presence, though I stood very near to it, and, watching it closely for some time, I heard no note. And yet it appeared to be instinct with the music that filled the air, and responded to it with tremulous movements.

Walking beyond the forest for some distance I saw the first signs of habitation—a group of building with much undulating land about it. A man stood at the entrance to the inclosure. He was shading his eyes with his hand, and showed no surprise at my approach. I did not attempt to address him, as he was unlike anyone whom I had seen. His bearing gave me an immediate impression of assurance and confidence. Without speaking he led me along a dark, dank passage that must have been long unswept, for small tufts of turf had grown over it. This passage opened into a large circular space, paved with a reddish clay. A high mound of flowers adorned the centre, slightly flattened at the summit, on which a shrub with small, delicate, white leaves was growing.

The other openings in the court were covered with curtains of woven wool in many colours. Lifting one of these my guide motioned me to enter. This apartment was, like the outer court, circular in form, and it had no roof. The light within was purer than that which was without, but there was no perceptible difference in temperature. In proportion to its size the room was not profusely furnished. There were several couches, and these so low that they seemed only raised a few inches from the ground; the frame-work was of plaited cane, woven very closely. Of this substance too was made the small flat surfaces which, supported on a spiral base of clay, held fruits and other goods, with white wine in earthen vessels. Beyond this were smaller rooms, draped with hangings of clear blue, like the speedwell of the meadow. The floors were covered with a substance that resembled the thick softnesses of the breast of the albatross.

When I returned to the court many people were passing to and fro, all of them high in stature, and clad in raiment of a like design—in flowing draperies of crimson cloth. The distinguishing difference was in their hair. The women had a great abundance; it was piled in many rolls, and fastened with long pins of bright metal. They were fair, radiantly fair, and on their faces lay a bloom similar in tint to the under-side of the peach. The men had not colour in their faces. Their hair grew straight to the neck, but not on it; in colour it approached very nearly to the shade of the chestnut. Their features revealed deep thoughtfulness, but they were not marked with lines of anxious care. They walked with the women and led their occupations.

Their power of locomotion was imposing. Swiftly and evenly, without any superfluous movement, they

glided off into the far-off spaces with the steadiness and speed of the eagle.

I experienced no loneliness, though it was not then, but many days afterwards, that I observed there was no human speech. There was mental intercourse, I became conscious of *that*, and it was sufficient to fill all the interspaces of existence. This was the inexhaustible source of an expansive happiness. Everyone had gathered in a special portion of the common heritage of intelligence, and shaping it to the form of his individual apprehensions, yielded the results in cerebral effusions and in force products. There was no disorder, nor was there any futile effort. The law that prevailed was natural, innate, and individual. All action showed integral marks of concentration and of fitness.

This illimitable cosmos of thought and material equipment was penetrated with sympathy; this was the principle that regulated the formation of groups and families. Its most distinguished form was the compact attraction of two persons, usually a man and a woman. Another and less elevated form of connection was between two men, or between two women. This, I found later, was entirely arbitrary, and did not command the respect and confidence of the higher union. It was in the combination of excellences which met in the union of man with woman that the community enjoyed a dominancy of mental influence and spiritual support.

There was no twilight. The roseate light of the sun—which hung low upon this land—went suddenly out in yellow haze that was absorbed by the atmosphere. The darkness revealed innumerable winged insects that emitted a shining green light, like jewelled particles of living fire, and above, the stars shone down in generous radiancy.

Bells rang out with penetrating clearness, and, when they ceased, the people gathered together in a united act of worship. They were in the open, and, in an amplitude of space, stood out defined in insulated beauty.

The song began with short, declamatory notes, assisted with stringed instruments, and guided by the human voice. The people sang with power and sweetness, gathered out of many silences. It was a harmony that touched all the chords of aspiration and endeavour, and then flowed out in waves of joyous praise. It ended in the sacred cadency of prayer.

Some hours were passed in social intercourse, in the scented stillnesses of night, and all the people went to their dwellings.

Then fell a mist over all outside things:

"Like that which kept the heart of Eden green,
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

A. L. O. S.

Hughie's Holiday.

One Saturday, a short time ago, I went to Johnstone for a holiday, and I did spend a very happy day with an old friend of mine; but the weather was not all that could be desired, being very foggy and therefore making everything look dismal. But when you are in good company you never give any thought to weather conditions or anything else, at least I don't, as all my thoughts are with the company I am in. Now, to begin with, I left Glasgow with the train from St. Enoch's at 12.25, and going by Cardonald and Paisley arrived in Johnstone about one o'clock, and then I went to my old friend's house, and when I was in his house I felt as if I could have stayed there always. Now, Johnstone is perhaps not very well known to some who will very likely read this story, but I will describe its history as far as I can. Johnstone is a much better town than what it was when I was a boy. It is not very much famed for anything in particular, but it has its manufacture, just like any other town of its size. There are Finlayson, Bousfield & Co.'s Thread Works, and a few other firms whom I do not know very well. In recent years Johnstone has come very much to the front. Electric cars are to be run between Johnstone and Paisley, which was never thought of when I was there as a boy, but now they are busy making preparations for the laying of the car rails; and in fact they had the rails laid in the High Street when I was there last, and by the next time that I go back I expect that the rails will have been laid in one or two more streets, and that the cars will be running right on from Johnstone to Glasgow in a very short time. I am expecting to go with the car from Glasgow to Paisley on Monday, the second day of May.

Now this is my very first attempt at trying to write a story, so I hope that it will please the readers of the Gazette, but you shall have another and better story from me in the next number.

H. R. G.

Wanted.

A solo-pianist with short hair.
A postman with a top-coat.
A policeman who does not like cold meat.
A cabman who has got change, and doesn't swear.
A nursemaid who is not fond of soldiers.
A prize-fighter with whiskers.
A soldier with a clean collar on.
A sweep with a white waistcoat.
A tailor with good clothes.
A tectotaller who doesn't like brandy-sauce.
A newspaper correspondent who does not want a corner for his effusions, or who does not apologise for trespassing on the valuable space.
A gentleman, who, in proposing a toast, does not wish the same had fallen into better or more able hands.
A clergyman who does not divide his sermons into three parts.
A doctor who is fond of night work.
A hair-dresser who will cut your hair in silence without telling you it's getting thin, or that it's dry or scurfy, and that his pomade will put it all right.

C. F. P.

Needlework Guild.

A small branch of the Glasgow Needlework Guild, in connection with the Poor Children's Clothing Scheme, was opened here last year. By the efforts of this Guild, thousands of the poorest children of Glasgow are clothed; and although it now consists of over 6,000 members, who contribute garments of every sort for all ages of children, there is need for many more workers. All who will join the Guild, and help with their needles in this good work, will be most cordially welcomed, and Miss Darney will gladly receive their names. Anyone can become a member by binding themselves to provide two garments each year; and the garments that are most wanted are woollen and flannelette articles of dark colours, and stockings. Garments can be collected any time up to the end of September.

E. M. J.

Mr. Gaston in Arizona.

His photographs of Apache and Sioux braves, squaws and wigwams, Suni warriors, fortified villages, and pottery, inaccessible cliff dwellings, unearthed ancient cities, and carved stonework, alkali deserts, sage-bush, cacti and palms, rattlesnakes, bears, buffaloes, cowboys, grog-shanties, and buckjumpers; and last, but not least, his views taken from the summit of Popocatepetl, an 18,000 feet snow-capped active volcano, near the City of Mexico, were better than Barnum's dime show, or Buffalo Bill's Wild West.—The Chiel.

SPRING'S DOWER.

Spring is come! is come across the sea!
What hast brought—hast brought sweet
Spring to me?
Answer me, for oh! my heart is dree,
Flora fair!
Hope's bright blossoms fill thy gentle hand,
Lo! the mountains smile and wondering stand
As the flowers bloom at thy command,
Rich and rare.

Every bird in every brake and tree,
Every songster soaring o'er the lea,
Bids thee welcome with his minstrelsy,
And his praise;
Joy! proclaim the wanton warbling throng;
Full to overflowing is the song,
Rapturous and lingeringly long
That they raise.

But, oh Spring! what gift unto this heart
Hast thou brought but sorrow's aching smart?
Woeful Memory's very bitter dart—
Sharp and cold?
Hadst thou not one guerdon-bud to spare
Might have roused my soul to do and dare,
Thou who drowsest plantlings fresh and fair
From the mould?

Better far I ne'er had heard of thee,
Of thy coming, of thy bounty free,
Of a glory that should never be—
Never be!
Naught of flowers upon Admetus height
Naught of pure Arcadian meadows bright
Nor of Aphrodite robed in light
From the sea!

Beautiful the tender springing grass,
Beautiful the peaceful feet that pass,
Beautiful the gospel-lips—alas!
Closed to me.
Spring! oh Spring! what is it now appears?
Filling heart with joy and eyes with tears?—
Most blessed Hope! sweeping away my fears,
Abide with me.

E. Y.

After the Staff Dance.

"Well, that's the staff dance over again for awhile," I remarked to my bosom friend as we slowly ascended the three flights of stairs that lead to our sleeping apartments. "Yes," she replied, with a yawn, "we look forward to it for such a long time, and yet how soon it passes. However, we have had a very happy night, and judging from the happy smile on every face as we sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' we may safely conclude that all present enjoyed themselves to the utmost," and with a good-night and pleasant dreams we were both very soon in the land of Nod. Scarcely an hour had elapsed since, tired and worn out with dancing, we parted with our comrades in the hall, the scene of many a pleasant gathering. Yet, strange to say, instead of being tired of dancing, I was just in the mood for beginning again, and dancing I must have at any cost. I thought of an announcement I had seen the previous day in the papers, intimating that the B. Society would hold their annual dance in the Palace Halls on January 9th, and, without further delay, suggested to my friend that she should accompany me in search of this palace of pleasure. At first she was strongly opposed to my suggestion, remarking "That it was really too absurd of me to suggest such a thing." "Besides," she continued, "it would be a breach of etiquette were we to present ourselves uninvited and without partners." "Oh! you stupid," I retorted, "why, only to-night in the hall, Dr. Oswald told us as this was leap year, the ladies would have the privilege of choosing their partners, so why not take advantage of that privilege, and choose our partners when we get there; and," I further assured her, "we will be forgiven for a great many things in leap year that would have been bad form in 1903."

So with this little argument and a great deal of coaxing I succeeded in persuading her to accompany me, and, hastily donning our best attire, we were soon out of the house and hurrying down the avenue. Never before did the avenue seem so long, or so many obstacles in the way. At last we reached the gate, only to find it locked; but of course we were not going to let a trifle like that alter our plans, and we found it the easiest thing imaginable to climb over the big gate and find ourselves free on Great Western Road. We hurried on until we reached St. George's Cross, here an officer of the law stared at us curiously and was about to stop us, when my friend, who

was a few steps in advance of me, whispered something in his ear. The explanation she gave evidently satisfied him, for he turned his gaze in the opposite direction, and we resumed our journey without further interruption until we reached Sauchiehall Street. Here a happy thought struck my companion, she suggested that instead of wasting time going round by the car route, we should climb over the housetops and economize time. I complimented her most warmly for being able to invent such a brilliant idea and apologized for my stupidity in not having thought of it before. We climbed over one housetop, then down into the court, over another, and so on until before many minutes had elapsed we found ourselves standing in Argyle Street. Then, to my horror and my friend's disgust, I discovered that my capacity for climbing had vanished, and I felt that if I had to go any further I would require some other mode of locomotion than climbing.

"Too bad of you, decidedly shabby of you," began my companion, "to think that after we have managed so far by climbing, you would give it up without making one single effort." "But," I entreated, "I am so tired that were it to save my life I could not climb over another housetop." Then my dear old friend's wrath vanished, she was her old sweet self again. "How unthoughtful and selfish of me," she murmured, as she drew my arm within her own, and proposed that we should walk the rest of our journey at our leisure. To this proposal I readily agreed, and we walked on in silence until we reached the middle of Jamaica Bridge, when suddenly all the lights on the bridge went out, leaving us in total darkness. We were reluctantly compelled to let go each other's arm and grope our way separately, with the result, that we lost each other in the darkness. My companion got so very far ahead of me that when she spoke her voice sounded like an echo, finally it died away in the distance, leaving me alone on the bridge.

Then, horror, I felt the bridge parting in the middle and slipping from beneath my feet. I screamed, I shouted for help, but none came, at last a tiny light appeared in the distance, someone has heard my shouts and come to my rescue; nearer and nearer came the light, further and further I felt myself sinking down into the dark river, when a friendly hand grasped my arm, and Nurse Dundas, with her little lantern in her hand, intimated to me that it was six o'clock and time to get up.

H. Urquhart.

A Memorable Day.

"Oh, here you are! I could not see you at once. I did not get out at the wrong station; I was just asking this lady whether this is the right place. I *am* so glad I am here!" She looked rosy and pretty, and her grey eyes twinkled with merriment and excitement, for this was a red day in a calendar, usually as grey and sombre as the town she came from. She was dressed in her very best—a large black hat, a pale lavender silk blouse, a long black skirt, and new gloves. Nobody would think when seeing her that she cooked and cleaned all day long, and that her husband was just keeping his head above water by means of a tiny shop. "This is a pretty country, but so little! Such a very little country! It is lovely!" (The foreign accent was unmistakable.) After the first excited minutes, a solemn, glad peace seemed to come over her; and she summed up all her feelings in one sentence, "This is my holiday, and I am a visitor." The house near the pier was soon reached, and she sat in the bow window in state, dreamily watching the gulls, the waves, and the clouds. "I was born at the sea, far, far away from here; but it makes me feel like home to see it." Then she added in a much livelier manner, "Oh, what

delicious coffee! how do you make it? I see; just as I do mine; but this tastes ever so much better. Go for a walk? Yes, a short one, nothing tiring; you see this is my holiday." Every little autumn flower, every sparrow, however plebeian, called forth exclamations of joy. A bunch of wayside marguerites and ferns were carried to the house in triumph, though she herself had not plucked any; that might have savoured of labour. As for the dinner, "I have never tasted such splendid potatoes; and what good meat! And tea after dinner, quite a feast, a real holiday!" And now and again she repeated softly to herself, as if it were too precious a fact to speak about aloud, "I am a visitor." On being asked whether she had not been away from home lately, her eyes opened widely. "Did you not know? I have not been anywhere for eight years, not even for an afternoon. Eight years in Glasgow, and not even to a park or a garden, there is always too much to do with the men and the children. But it will be easier now, for my brother-in-law got married last week, and his wife will help me. We all live together. He has to be in his shop all day, and the only time he had for his wedding was at eight o'clock at night, so we had to make all the preparations ourselves. The people opposite us had just flitted, and we moved all the furniture from our parlour into the empty house. It took the bride and me the whole day. We had 45 guests, for whom we laid three narrow tables in the parlour. And after the meal was over, the tables and the forms were also taken to the empty house, as we wanted to dance. We had no instruments, but one can dance quite nicely when people sing and whistle. We went on till three in the morning, then the party went away, and the bride and I went to sleep in the kitchen bed. We had to get up at six and carry everything back again, as the new tenant was coming into the house that day. It took us the whole day again, and we *were* tired, specially the bride. She is to go away in a few days for her wedding trip, but he will have to stay here to mind his shop. But *my* holiday is to-day, and I am a visitor." She had arranged to return home by the very last train; but it was explained to her that the village boasted of but one or two street lights, unless a kindly star were visible, and that it would not be very convenient to walk the half-hour to the station as late as eleven. So she reluctantly decided to go at nine, saying compassionately, "No lights in the streets, of course it is such a very little country." It was suggested to put her flowers and ferns into paper. "But no! I want everybody to see that I have really been away. I shall put some of the flowers on to the kitchen window sill to-morrow, to let all the neighbours see them." A picture post-card was dispatched to her children with much importance and glee, and a little present bought for the tired bride, "to convince everybody," as she said, "that I have really had my holiday, and that I have spent a whole day as a visitor."—ADVENÆ.

A Trip to Norway.

(Continued.)

ALTHOUGH not fortunate enough to arrive at Bergen on a market day we saw a few novel sights. Fishermen brought their fish alive in tanks at the bottom of their boats, and sold them to purchasers on the quay, while others kept their stock swimming about in wooden troughs on shore, and ladled out the particular fish you choose with a net. Some walked about the streets with huge cods hanging down their backs, looking anxiously for a customer.

The town looks picturesque from the sea, but from the shore, nothing

but the barren rocks of the fjord are to be seen, relieved somewhat by the endless procession of vessels.

Some of the fishing boats are still of the old Viking shape, and rafts piled high with all kind of produce, and pulled by little tugs, are very plentiful.

Bergen is built on two bays, divided by a promontory; a pretty little launch, driven by electricity, connects the two parts.

The quays were full of old-fashioned vessels of Dutch build, with windows in the stern, suggestive of a house set afloat by a flood.

Some queer-looking tubs had a comfortable looking house, built astern, where the skipper's wife and children went about their work and amusements, as if they were on shore.

The shops of Bergen are full of curious silverwork, and stilletoes are as plentiful as in Italy. Dolls, dressed in the national costume (now dying out, and only worn at festivals and marriages) sell well as mementoes. Norwegian coins (not always from the mint) are set as brooches and tie-pins. Elk heads, with enormous antlers, may be bought by those who have halls to hang them in; and snow shoes, nine or ten feet long, seem more useful than ornamental to uninitiated minds.

We had only a short time to stay in Bergen, as the train to Vossevangen started about noon. Being a large party, we had a "special." The cars were in the Pullman fashion, the windows were particularly small, so we stood on the platform behind the engine and enjoyed the scenery.

This proved to be rather risky, as the line, which runs for over fifty miles along winding fjords, cuts through the base of a cliff, at least every quarter of a mile. We began to count the tunnels, but after a score we gave it up. At one point the guard warned passengers to come inside. Those who kept the windows open, or who recklessly put out their heads to see the appearance of daylight again, found themselves wet through by a waterfall which arched right over the line at the mouth of the tunnel.

As an engineering feat this line is one of the most wonderful in Europe. It follows the banks of the fjord nearly all the way, sometimes close to the shore, and at other parts a thousand feet above it. The line is a single one. Looking ahead at any part of the journey you see a huge mountain base of solid rock ending steeply in the fjord, and apparently impassable, but the train does not slow. As you approach you notice a small, black square, and with a shriek the train is buried in the mountain.

This is repeated mile after mile, and every emergence discloses a new view—perhaps a fishing cottage, a mill driven by a waterfall, an off-shooting fjord, or a magnificent *re-viese* of what we have passed an hour before, so that when we arrived at Vossevangen, the journey had not seemed too long

The village is situated by a lake; the mountains around, though not very high (for Norway), are covered with snow, even in summer, owing to their position where the sun cannot strike them.

After dinner, we were advised to visit an ancient church, but after climbing a tiresome hill we found it in the hands of masons, who were doing their best to restore it. An old woman showed us a Bible and other relics which had been picked up by the workmen. She knew sufficient English to say, "Three hundred years old," but little more, nor did she exactly understand the meaning of it, for, on parting, she produced national costumes and pin cushions made by herself, which she tried to sell by repeating "Three hundred years old." Vossevangen is popular as a starting place for excursions; in the season, thousands of tourists pass through on their way to the Naerodal. Looking out of our window, next morning, the

stable-yard was in a state of great activity. Fifty or sixty machines (some seated for one, with a mere ledge for the boy driver behind, and others holding two passengers) were being formed into line. After a substantial meal, we all started in procession. We had a stolkjarre, a machine holding two, drawn by a docile little pony. The driver sat behind in a very uncomfortable position, with his legs curled up, and drove (like Mr. ——) with the reins between those in front. The machines are very light, the ponies are never over-driven, the natives being very lenient to their animals. At some parts of the road notices are posted, "Please rest the horse," and the horse seems to appreciate the kindness, and never requires whipping up.

The country from Vossevangen to Gudvangen is the most fertile in the west of Norway, and supplies Bergen with farm produce. The first part of the drive is through a valley equal in beauty to our Scotch Trossachs, only far more extensive. The rivers are deep and clear, and there are three or four very beautiful waterfalls. The guide books for some obscure reason exhaust themselves in praise of the Naerodal, and dismiss with a few words this exquisite landscape of more than twenty miles. The sun shone brightly all day; a blind man might have snapped his camera at random with the certainty of taking a good picture. After four hours' drive, with nothing to refresh us but a bottle of Christiania beer, the inner man (or woman) at least was glad to arrive at Stailheim hotel, which stands on the cliff above the valley of the famous Naerodal.

Here a dinner, more novel than palatable, was set forth. We tasted reindeer for the first time, and cheese made from reindeer milk, treacle, and goodness knows what else. The maids were dressed in national costume, with long plaits of hair down the back in the German fashion. A string band beguiled us during the waili (of which the dinner was principally composed).

Our host was in a dilemma when his guests rose, as he had mixed up his boarders with those who were passing through. He solved the difficulty by locking the doors. For ourselves we escaped by a back way to the kitchen, but the rest of the company used certain English expressions fortunately not understood by the management.

By this time the machines were on the zig-zag road down the cliff, which takes about half-an-hour to descend. Each tourist kept his eye on his own car, and the procession, now with a few gaps, entered the Naerodal.

The road through the valley, which from the hotel seems almost like a thread, curves for seven miles, at the end of which is the Naerofjord.

Distances in Norway are deceptive, and it was hard to believe that our ship which had sailed during the night could be at anchor just below a waterfall, which seemed only a mile away.

A stream flows on one side of the road, at one point right across it, bleak mountains rise oppressively close to the pass, threatening the wayfarer with giant boulders, which often fall on the road after a rain storm. Here and there are long slopes of small stones, carried down the cliff by snow slips in winter.

The peculiarity of the Naerodal is the extreme narrowness of the valley, which makes it like a funnel with a narrow strip of sky at the top. Two or three waterfalls are to be seen at this part of the drive of a sort very common in Norway. A very small quantity of water falls over the cliff, determined to make the most of it by spreading itself out as far as possible. This thin broad sheet has hardly any curve, but falls sheer down keeping parallel with the rock but not touching it. When the thin white veil is blown by the wind it appears like a cloud of fine mist ascending the mountain.

A sudden turn brings us unexpectedly in view of the Naerofjord, at the head of which lies the hamlet of Gudvangen, shut in by lowering mountains, casting their black shadows on the fjord, on which the sun never shines. It was in this place I think that the women offered us four-leaved shamrocks for small sums.

The "St. Sunniva" had full steam up and was quivering to be off. After a sail of three or four hours, as dusk was setting in, we arrived at Mundal, which is situated somewhat like Odde. A great hill divides the valley at the head of the fjord into two parts. The atmosphere of Norway is so extremely clear that all distances seem greatly diminished. We started to walk to the foot of a glacier which shone dazzlingly white in the sunshine, and which from its height was with difficulty distinguished from the fleecy clouds. After hours of tramping, which seemed to bring nothing nearer, we sat down at a cottage to admire respectfully at a distance. A deep stream, pure and clear, some six feet in breadth, separated the cottage from the road, and was crossed by help of a pole. There were two lying on the bank, one rigid, the other thin and yielding; we chose the former, planted the end amid stream, and swung safely if not gracefully across. A friend who performed part of the feat with the remaining pole will use the old-fashioned bridge on the next occasion.

The water of the fjord is of a peculiar white colour, owing to the deposits brought down by the glacier, and not very salt, being at a distance from the sea. In spite of the glacier, there is some fishing to be had. One can fish anywhere if he has only a rod, bait, and patience. We engaged a boat at the ship's side, rowed some distance, and cast our lines. Our bait soon ran short, but our quick-witted boy cut out the silvery eye of a fish we had caught and stuck it on the hook. We noticed that this bait always took a fish, and had the advantage of being fit for use again and again by reason of its toughness.

J. M'C.

(To be Concluded.)

THE MAGICIAN AT CAMBRIDGE.

He squared the wild hypothenuse,
And solved the gay triangle;
And then he went to Cambridge town,
With wise men for to wrangle.

He dieed and gamed; he drank and rhymed;
He laughed at don and doctor;
And ne'er was caught, because he timed
The periodic proctor.

At billiards angles were a joke:
He knew the ball's rotations;
Played dice by probabilities,
And whist by combinations.

He scanned the planets' paths sublime,
And reckoned their ellipses;
He kept the comets up to time,
And never missed eclipses.

They say he went through walls and things
To other people's quarters.
Upon a broomstick over roofs
Would chase the townsmen's daughters.

From windows he would levitate
When sick of wine and revel,
But gravitated one fine night
Abruptly to the devil.

J. E. Barlas.

Sarah.

She had been with us almost forty-one years, and now the familiar, bright-eyed, bent little figure will be seen no more. Forty years of faithful service at the East House front door and officers' quarters! What numbers of medical men must have been attended to by her, and how many will remember her, if only for the excellence of her tea, and crispness of the dry toast she sent in to them!

Sarah had been with us so long that she had lost all count of time, and dated events by the names of doctors who had resided here. "That was the time Dr. Blair was here," she would say, or "I mind Dr. Hay was here then," and she sometimes spoke

of Dr. Mackintosh as if he had but recently left us! What changes she must have seen among the staff, only one of whom had been longer here than herself. How many of the past and present members will smile when they think of her waiting at the front door as the ten o'clock bell rang! Woe betide the late comers! for Sarah, who was only known to be late once during all those forty years, had no excuse for others, and little faith in tales of "missed trains" or "lost cars." Sarah's world was limited, but it was a complete one, in which no one took a greater pride than herself. Of work she was not afraid, moreover, she never shirked it. Even of late years, though almost crippled with rheumatism, she was the early bird in the House. Sometimes five o'clock would see her at her work; and she occasionally confessed to having "sleepit in" if she did not come down before the six o'clock bell rang!

Even the nine or ten generations of teapots worn out during her time and placed "on the shelf," much soldered at base and spout, received their weekly polish; for though useless from a tea-pouring point of view they were pleasing to *her* eye; and, as Sarah said, when told she was giving herself unnecessary trouble, "You've your pictures and vases, why shouldn't I have my teapots!" Typical canny Scot, although she knew how to keep information to herself, she gloried in obtaining it from others! Many were baffled by her cautious answers to their inquisitive questions. There were only two classes of society in her opinion, "the Gentry" and "Ourselves"! One of us, I remember, showed her the photograph of a family group which included some guests. One of the latter, conspicuous for a large hat, was pointed out as Lady B. "Aye," said Sarah, "they Ladies are very fond of calling on the like o' us!"

Of geography Sarah knew little. Her native place was Easdale, which someone told her was an island. This fact she disputed, but on being asked if it were not surrounded by water, she admitted there was "sea on one side and a river on the other." Norway was "just o'er the border." At the time of the late South African War, in which Sarah took a keen interest, she was horrified to learn that a battle had been fought at "Glencoe," a place she had visited when a child. "Dundee" was not very far away, she had a cousin there; when she was told that a disturbance had occurred at "Newcastle," she remarked, "I wonder if Johnny Brown saw much of it." Johnny had been spending a week-end in Glasgow a few days previously!

How we shall miss all her quaint ways. The "what is't?" when answering the sitting room bell; the old plate laid down at each meal, in case the unexpected visitor might put in an appearance; the clock, twenty minutes fast, to remind her, when the hours struck, how late it was getting; the 'Xmas pudding, which invariably appeared at table enclosed in the cloth in which it had been cooked, in order that it should not get too soon cold!! Many will remember her kindly ways at times of sickness and trouble. How reluctantly she gave in when ill herself, and when compelled to succumb how great was her anxiety lest her work should be left undone. Even during her last short illness this appeared to be her greatest trouble, she expected from day to day to be "better and down to-morrow." So Sarah died, practically in harness, having performed her life's task conscientiously and faithfully, leaving behind her the long record of "perfect service rendered, duties done."

"Lying in State."—Russian diplomacy.

"A taper waist."—Lighting the candle at both ends.

Patrons of the ring.—Ladies, circus-riders, clowns, noblemen, and prize-fighters.

Cricket Fixtures, 1904.

MAY.

Sat. 7—Richmond.
" 14—Clydesdale (Titwood XI.)
Tues. 17—North-Western C.C.
Sat. 21—Lennox Castle.
Wed. 25—University XI.
Sat. 28—Barlinnie.

JUNE.

Wed. 1—Anderson's College Medical School.
Sat. 4—Unitas.
6 & 7—Hamilton Crescent XI.
Sat. 11—Victoria.
13 & 14—Anniesland C.C.
Sat. 18—Dennistoun.
20 & 21—R. J. Hotchkis, Jr., XI.
Sat. 25—Ravenna.
27 & 28—Kennuir.

JULY.

Sat. 2—Bothwell.
" 9—Gartloch.
" 23—Barrhead.
" 30—Neilston.

AUGUST.

Sat. 6—Johnstone.
" 13—Gartloch.
" 20—Golfhill.
" 27—Claremont.

SEPTEMBER.

Sat. 3—Meadowbank.

The Shah of Persia.

ON one occasion our King, then Prince of Wales, arrived at Ballater by train, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Clarence. They decided to walk to Balmoral instead of making use of the carriage in waiting. Having proceeded on their way, after some time they were overtaken by a countryman driving a dogcart, and feeling somewhat tired, the Prince asked the man if he would give them a lift, which he willingly consented to do. The countryman, thinking they were tourists, was giving them all the information he could about the places of interest as they drove along. By and by the Prince said to the man, "Perhaps you would like to know who I am." "Yes, I would," replied the man. "I'm the Prince of Wales," said His Royal Highness. "Oh! you're the Prince of Wales, are you!" said the man, "and who is the gentleman behind?" "That's my brother, the Duke of Edinburgh." "And who may the young gentleman be?" asked the countryman. "That's my son, the Duke of Clarence," replied the Prince. The man drove on in silence for some time, when suddenly addressing the Prince he said, "Perhaps you would like to know who I am." "Very much," replied the Prince. "Well," said the countryman, "I'm the Shah of Persia."

A. D.

Her Father's Answer.

ONE occasionally hears of strange answers to proposals of marriage, but the following experience of the late Professor Aytoun, when proposing marriage to the lady who afterwards became his wife, is unique.

The Professor was very diffident, and after proposing to the lady, she reminded him that before she could give her absolute consent, it would be necessary to obtain her father's approval.

"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to your father on the subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father by the hand, mentioned that the Professor had proposed to her. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself."

"Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the father. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said the lady, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

BOW AND ARROWS.

Letters to the Editor.

THAT CAKE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I was very angry (?) indeed to see a letter from one of your correspondents in the last issue of the GAZETTE, about one of my cakes having been burnt, and I think it was real mean of you to allow it to appear. I did give your correspondent a piece of my mind the first time I met him afterwards. The cake was not really burnt at all, it was only the buttered paper with which the tin is lined that caught fire, owing to one of the firebricks being broken and the oven becoming overheated. After I had iced it on the top it looked quite nice, and the ladies said it didn't taste so burnt after all. I am very glad Mrs. B.'s snuff got into his eyes! After me giving sugar to Tommy, too! I have made up my mind never to look at the GAZETTE again,—except to see if this letter appears.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will tell you a true story about your correspondent and a cake. Last summer, he and Mr. A., who was Clinical Clerk, came down to the cottage to afternoon tea. The nurse happened to be out walking with some of the patients, and I gave them tea, and taking a large piece of cake out of the cake-tin, cut off two pieces for them, explaining that I could not give them any more, as this was a special cake the nurse wanted kept. I was called away, and during my absence they took the whole of the cake out of the tin, putting in its place some pate-pans wrapped in paper, and after eating as much as they could, stuffed the remainder into their pockets. When I returned they thanked me and departed. My! how angry the nurse was when she found the cake gone, and I told her who had done it. Next day they came together to the cottage, and when the nurse saw them coming she locked both doors and snibbed the windows. This is a true cake story, and the other isn't, so there. Mrs. B. says she will put cayenne pepper in her snuff-box for him next time he calls.

Your very much offended,

A.B.C.D.

P.S.—You have not been to afternoon tea lately. I have been baking parkins, and everyone says they are very nice. Do come some afternoon soon, but don't bring your correspondent.

TOMMY'S TAIL.

Dear Sir,—I want to know why the man who walks about with me won't let me chase cats and hens; also, why, when he goes out at the gate, he leaves me at home? While I am waiting for him to return, I see new dogs passing outside, and I want to speak to them. There is one especially I want to fight. One gets so tired of always talking to Wallace and Major, and Pompey. The man puts me in a bath, and soaps me all over, then washes me, and combs my hair, especially my tail. I don't like it. Wallace says he never has a bath, nor has his hair combed, or Pompey either. Please give Pompey one bath, and Wallace two, with plenty of soap, some into their eyes, and comb their hair, especially Wallace's tail, because he won't like it, and let me know when.—Yours terrieribly,

TOMMY.

Varieties.

Note on the Derby.—They who depend on "prophets" often experience a loss.

Why do the Germans like gentian and quinine? Because they are Two-*tonics*.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

Passage from the diary of a *late* physician. "The fellow got well before I came."

Epitaph on a cricketer.—"Over!"

The King of Sahara.—A Scotchman, of course. Who should understand the desert but Sandy?

BEGG, KENNEDY & ELDER, GLASGOW.